



**The Salamanca Corpus: *The Scotch Lasses Constancy*
(1682)**

Author: Thomas D'Urfey (?1653-1723)

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***The Scotch Lasses Constancy: Or, Jenny's
Lamentation for the Death of Jockey (1682)***

Who for her sake was Unfortunately Killl'd by Sawny in a Duel

Being a most pleasant New Song, to a New Tune.

Twa Bonny Lads were Sawny and Jockey,
But Jockey was Lov'd and Sawny unlucky,
Yet Sawny was tall, well-favour's and witty,
But I's in my heart thought Jocky more pritty:
For when he view'd me ru'd me, woo'd me,
Never was Ladd so like to undo me,
Fie I crud, and almost dy'd,
Least Jockey would gang and come no mere to me.

Jocky would Love, but he would Marry,

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And I was afraid that I should miscarry,
For his cunning tongue with wit was so guiled,
[?]
Daily he prest me, blest me, kist me,
Lost was the hour methought when he mist w[?],
Crying, denying, and sighing, I woo'd him,
And mickle ado I had to get from him.

But unlucky sar[e] robb'd me of my jewel,
For Sawney would make him fight in a Duel;
Then down in a dale with Cyprus surrounded,
Oh! there in my sight poor Jockey was wounded:
But when he thrill'd him, fell'd him, kill'd him,
Who can express my grief that beheld him,
[?]

I'se shriek'd and I'se cry'd, wae's me so unhappy,
For I'se now have lost mine nene sweet Jockey;
Sawny I curst, and bid him to flye me,
I vow'd and I swore he should ne'r come nigh me:
But I'd spight him, hate him, fight him,
And never again wou'd Jenny like him:
Though he did sigh and almost dye,
He cry'd fie on me, cause I did slight him.

And from me I'se bid him straight way be ganging,
When with arms a cross, and head down hanging;
Whilst that my poor Jockey was a dying,
He to the Woods then departed sighing,
And his breath wanted, panted, fainted,
Whilst that for him many tears were not scantied:
I'se beat my breast, and my grief expressed,
Wae's me that Death my joy had suppressed.

At which jockey a little reviving,
And with his death as it were he lay then striving,
Open'd his eyes and looked upon me:
And faintly sigh'd, Ah! Death has undon me:
Jenny my hony, I'se must part from thee,
But when I'm dead, sure there's none will wrong thee,
I did love thee, and that did move me,
to fight, that so a man I'se might prove me.

But ah cruel Fate to death I am wounded,

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Oh! and with that again he swoounded;
Whilst for to dress his wound I apply'd me,
But wae alas his life was deny'd me:
Death had appaul'd him gaul'd him, thrall'd him,
So that he dy'd, with grief I beheld him;
And left poor Jenny all a mourning,
And cruel Sawny cursing and scorning.

From Jockies cold Lips I often stole kisses,
The which whilst he lived were still my blisses:
A thousand times I did sob, sigh it,
And mickle ado I'se had to be quiet:
For as I ey'd him, spy'd him, ply'd him,
Never a thought could then pass beside him:
I'se bann the Fates that Life denying,
Had robb'd me of Jockey, and long I sat sighing.

Till I'se at last with Cyprus crown'd him,
And with my tears I'se almost had drown'd him;
The Turtles about us then came flying,
And mourning, coo'd, to seem a sighing,
I'se view'd him, ru'd him, with Flowers st[?]w'd him,
Resolving that I'se not stay behind him,
But sighing, doe, and seek for to find him.